

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Kaiju Karaoke"

Moses was a black man  
With red hair like saffron  
I heard you the first time  
I chose not to respond  
Prophecy is fulfilled  
When Enki and Enlil are killed  
And Lil Nas' X face is on the dollar bill  
How you like that for a metaverse thrill?  
Still ill, and I don't even need record deal  
But real, you know my name, son don't chill  
And now the whole world got a license to ill  
When they shut down the grid  
We gon' be outside doing a bid  
Institutionalized, right where we live  
Apologetically thank you  
Put noose around neck and hang you  
While two yankee doodle dudes shank you  
Biologically scan you for your own safety, then ban you  
'Til your own people abandon you  
Now you standing outside the dollar store  
For a fifty-cent whore  
Bout to go on a 25 cent tour  
You let that whore sit on your face?  
She taste like sodium borate  
And by the way, that stuff taste great!  
Disclaimer; don't you try that at home and then blame us  
I ain't famous and they still say my name too much  
Yet on the other side of the veil  
Every single comparison will fail  
Cause every multiple rhyme is a spell  
My poems are known unknown knowns, but it's hard to know  
How much knowledge can grow from one node  
In the vaccination drive-thru I sat in the seat behind you  
I shoulda sat in the seat beside you  
Quiescent, still present even if I go back to the essence  
There's no way I forget what I remember  
Sniper specific relax, hold breath, squeeze trigger  
Wait for confirmation, get up, get out of there nigga  
Canibus rhymes are not immediately obvious  
They're supposed to be positive  
So he ain't really accomplishing shit  
My name is the ripper and I beg to differ  
I know men who are bled from the liver  
And labeled gorillas, breadwinners  
Robert De Bruce, De La Soul, Posdnous  
Yeah, I know it sounds like something I got from Dr. Seuss  
Lyrics retooled, recommissioned and outfitted for hip hop use

You talk that shit? I talk that shit, too  
Malaiky [?]  
Youtube all the time  
I'ma get it to help me build my shrine  
Gunmetal colored, rip magnum rubbers  
Tear that ass up, I ain't gotta brag or nothin'  
I gotta a happy hips, yoga bitch, zombie killer tovarich  
Big titty, Tesla model, S motorist  
That shit will ambush your base camp  
Beat you with the propane tanks  
Then set fire to your cocaine plant  
Hunger Games rescue package  
Daisy state the mechanic in action, gun rap pull-ups  
Bull Pups blast em  
Cut slash and smash, laugh, tater tots and hash  
I spray hair spray on your ass and pass  
Cause you can't afford the seizium, or the magnesium  
Everybody know that's a million-dollar premium  
Their inability to reason is the reason they're not breathing  
And that's what we focusing on this evening  
The return of the king  
With a maverick three probe on a string  
And that's how he gon' know everything  
He was there when global fear  
Became self-aware  
If you scared, bow your heads and join me in prayer  
Insurrection, act and tact  
You living in a trap  
If you do this and don't do that  
You just get whacked  
Self-inflicted cyber-attack  
Crypto card sitting on your lap  
The gas life in tea made him take a crap  
Fuck that, feathered blowdart to the back  
You collapse, thermite cutting charge  
Carved into the small of your back  
Robotically controlled sequencing units for knocking on doors  
To make sure you're home and you haven't run off  
A hundred thousand Queenzflip clones  
All in your borough alone  
Welcome to the terror dome  
Protest in silence, rhymes wait  
Do not fly it  
So what? I like pirates much better than pilots  
I'm a giant, Ireland is my island  
I'm full of surprises  
So get the fuck out the way while I drive it  
Life is all for 'naught  
If you cannot offer your own thoughts  
You will be sold without ever being bought